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Handwritten signature

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R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Sc.

The Romp.

Priscilla Tomboy. Master Watty, just step to that corner, and see if they are gone; never fear—I won't leave you.

Act II. Scene 2.

Alma Graham

THE ROMP:

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

In Two Acts.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,
DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF
THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the
THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
By MR. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

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REMARKS.

The Rump.

THE Genius of Mirth never hit upon a happier subject than the humours of Cockneyland. If we cannot find diversity of character in London, *where* shall we find it?—"Man made the town;" and a pretty sample it is of the maker! An incongruous jumble of contrarieties,—men, like their own passions, battling with each other, the weakest going to the wall. Among the innumerable and varied host that domicile in his capital, the Cockney is a distinct and separate genus. Behind or before the counter, at home or abroad, the man of business or the beau, he is the same whimsical original, baffling imitation, and keeping description in full cry. See him sally forth on a fine Sunday, gayly equipped in his holyday clothes, the world all before him, where to chuse occupying his meditations, till he finds himself elevated on Hampstead Heath, the spot where cockneys "most do congregate." From that magnificent summit he beholds in panorama woods, vallies, lofty trees, and stately turrets, not forgetting that glorious cupola dedicated to the metropolitan apostle, which points out the locality where, six days out of the seven, his orisons are paid to a deity not contemplated by the disciple. He lays himself out for enjoyment, and, resolving not to make a toil of a pleasure, seeks good entertainment for man, and (if mounted) for horse. Having taken possession of a window that commands the wide unbounded prospect, the waiter is summoned, the muster roll of the larder called over, the ceremony of lunch commenced, and, with that habitual foresight that marks his character, the more important meal that is to follow, duly catered for. The interval for rural adventure arrives; he takes a stroll; if a culler of simples, the modest heath-bell and the violet turn up their dark blue eyes to him; if an intermediate wilderness tempt him, he will find (as Falstaff's men did *linen*!) blackberries enough on every hedge. Dinner served up, and to his mind, he becomes chirruping and jocular; jokes with the waiter; talks politics, "who's in, whose's out," with some promiscuous acquaintance;

“ Drinks a glass
To his favourite lass ;”

pleased with himself, and willing to please. If his phraseology provoke a laugh, he puts it to the account of his smart sayings, and is loudest in the chorus. His grammar tells him that *if* is a conjunction ; he is less learned as to the *But* !

We cannot state the precise period when “ *Cockney*” was first introduced into our vocabulary, when the peculiar pronunciation of certain letters in the alphabet gave him a language of his own. His whim made good sport in the olden time. That great painter of humours, Ben Jonson, has drawn an amusing picture of the *town* gull, Master Matthew ; and in Massinger’s *Maid of Honour*, we have two rich heirs, *city* bred. The well-known legend, and the verbal eccentricities that mark the modern cockney, are of more recent date. The novelty of a cock *neighing* was a phenomenon reserved for an enlightened age, and the smart battles between the vowels and consonants, for the march of knowledge, when every boy is his own primer. One amiable peculiarity in the cockney is, that he grudges not to laugh at *himself* : he shouts and claps his hands with delight at the Tom-fool figure he cuts on the stage. It has, however, been hinted, that this excess of good humour arises from the idea, that he is laughing at his neighbour’s likeness, and not at his own : for when the ball of ridicule is flying about, every man carries his racket with him, and strikes it off to his neighbour.

This mirth-moving farce has been unopportunately revived at the Haymarket in warm weather ; a period, when to experience any violent sensation, but more especially to laugh, threatens to be fatal to us. Liston has much to answer for on this score ;—we would not encounter little Keeley during the summer solstice for the profits of a whole season ;—we are half afraid of John Reeve ; and fly from Farren as from a fiery furnace ! All we desire is, to do nothing, and to avoid laughing. There is a time for all things, and hot weather is a time for dull men to make their fortunes ; they keep us in such a cool and delicious state of unconsciousness and non-existence. Wit should take its departure until the winter quarter, when we shall be the first to welcome it. Not a joke should presume to show its head in the dog-days : fun should come in with the fogs.

We remember, one sultry night, *Bannister* playing his favourite part of *Gradus* at the Haymarket; *Suett* had laid our risible faculties under no trifling contribution in *Old Doiley*. A few *hisses* were heard. Jack advanced to the stage lights, and, with a ludicrous look of inquiry, was anxious to learn the cause of the disapprobation.—The best part of the comedy is to come: boxes simmering, galleries grilled, pit melting!—it was *too hot* to laugh!

The *Romp* is an alteration from “*Love in the City*,” a comic opera by Isaac Bickerstaff. The Cheapside critics condemned the opera, but approved the farce, which is said to have been altered by one Lloyd, a fellow-comedian with Mrs. Jordan in the York company, for the purpose of introducing that inimitable daughter of Thalia in the principal character. The experiment was crowned with success; the piece thus rescued from undeserved oblivion became an established favourite; and during the whole period of Mrs. Jordan’s splendid career, few parts were exhibited by her with more singular excellence, more frequently represented, or more warmly applauded, than *Priscilla Tomboy*.

The fooleries of Watty Cockney, his romping and quarrelling with Miss Tomboy, the young Amazon who was turned out of *Hackney* boarding-school for beating the governess, and knocking down the dancing-master, are whimsical enough; nor is the boisterous vulgarity of the lady, her queer estimate of the value of the captain’s coat—“the lace alone would burn to a matter of two guineas!” and her tenderness to her “neger,” Quasheba, less diverting. Old Barnacle’s dissertation on *city* honour; his stripping off the finery from Watty Cockney, commanding him to resume his fustian sleeves, every-day clothes, and apron; to take the shovel, and, after the fashion of his ancestors, scrape the door way, are traits of character that will hardly be recognised by the moderns of Ludgate Hill and Cheapside. Miss Taylor played the “great Vest-Indian fortune” with infinite spirit and glee; and Harley bobbed and chuckled in “the son of the imminent grocer,” to the delight of the public, who were glad to behold this vivacious actor in a part so exactly fitted to his humour.



Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Theatres Royal, London.

	<i>Drury Lane. Original.</i>	<i>Drury Lane, 1828.</i>	<i>Haymarket, 1831.</i>
<i>Young Cockney</i>	Mr. Dodd.	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Harley.
<i>Barnacle . . .</i>	Mr. Suett.	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Gattie.
<i>Old Cockney . .</i>	Mr. Fawcett.	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. Mulleney.
<i>Captain Sightly</i>	Mr. Dignum.	Mr. J. Bland.	Mr. B. Taylor
<i>Richard</i>	Mr. Wilson.		
<i>Thomas</i>	Mr. Lyons.		
<i>Priscilla Tomboy</i>	Mrs. Jordan.	Miss Foote.	Miss Sidney.
<i>Penelope</i>	Miss Stageldoir.	Miss Pincot.	Mrs. T. Hill.
<i>Miss La Blond .</i>	Miss Barnes.	Mrs. Weston.	Miss J. Scott.
<i>Quasheba</i>	Miss Gawdry.	Miss L. Willmott.	

Costume.

YOUNG COCKNEY.—Light drab kerseymere breeches—gray silk stockings—fashionable cut velvet waistcoat—claret-coloured coat—shoes—round hat.

BARNACLE.—Old man's dark claret-coloured suit, with brass buttons—lambs'-wool stockings—shoes, with brass buckles—brown wig—old man's hat—plain white stock—cane.

OLD COCKNEY.—Gray ditto.

CAPTAIN SIGHTLY.—Captain of the Guards' full dress, &c.

RICHARD and THOMAS.—Blue liveries—black velvet breeches—white stockings, &c.

PRISCILLA TOMBOY.—White muslin frock—long blue sash—shawl—white bonnet.

PENELOPE.—White muslin—pink sash—black shoes.

MISS LA BLOND.—Yellow satin dress, with blond lace—white satin bonnet—shawl—reticule, &c.

QUASHEBA.—White bed-gown—striped petticoat—white stockings—coloured silk kerchief round the head, à la Turk.

THE ROMP.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Interior of a Grocer's Shop, with a Counting-House, to which there is an ascent by steps—a glass door, with curtains, which opens to a back parlour.*

YOUNG COCKNEY *discovered in the counting-house, writing, and men behind the counter, weighing tea, &c.—*
PRISCILLA TOMBOY and PENELOPE *seated at work, c.*

CHORUS.

Hail, London! noblest mart on earth,
Unrivall'd still in commerce reign;
Whence riches, honours, arts, have birth,
And industry ne'er toils in vain!

Young C. [Coming forward.] Come, pray, ladies, go somewhere else with your work: is not there the parlour for you, but you must bring your litter into the shop?—Who do you think can come into it, when you take up the room in this way?

Pen. I wish, brother, you would let us alone.

Pri. Ay; mind your figs, and your raisins, and your brown sugar, and let us alone, will you? Now, Miss Penny, if you'll go in for your work-basket, we will take out the canvass, and begin the flowers immediately.

Young C. Come, Miss Prissy, get off that stool; I want to put it behind the counter.

Pri. I won't give it you.

Young C. If you won't, miss, I'll call my papa, and see what he'll say to you.

Pri. [Rising, and throwing it at him.] There, take your stool, you nasty, ugly, conceited, ill-natured——

Young C. (R.) Look there, now; did you ever see any thing so unmannerly? Miss Prissy, I wonder you are not

ashamed of yourself; but this is the breeding you got in the plantations. You know you was turned out of Hackney boarding-school, for beating the governess, and knocking down the dancing-master. I believe you think you have got among your blackamoors; but you are not got among your blackamoors now, miss.

Pri. Indeed, Miss Penny, it is very hard he should invent such stories of me: if you believe me, I never touched the governess in all my life.

Young C. Ay, but you knocked down the dancing-master.

Pri. (c.) Then why didn't he behave himself?

Pen. (L.) Upon my word, I wish you two would never come together; you are always fighting and squabbling.

Young C. Then why does she play such tricks?

Pri. Then why do you ever come near me? I neither love you nor like you, nor never shall, that's more; I have told you so a hundred times.

Pen. I swear, one would think you were husband and wife already.

Pri. I his wife! I would as lief be married to the old clothesman; indeed, I should not like to be called Mrs. Cockney.

Young C. Why not? Mrs. Cockney is as good a name as Miss Tomboy, I hope.

Pri. No, it is not as good a name.

Young C. Yes, it is; but that's not as you please; that's as my uncle Barnacle pleases. He is to be in town to-day, I can tell you that for your comfort: and see what he'll say to you about the boarding-school.

Pri. I don't care for him, nor you, nor the boarding-school neither.

Young C. There!—By Gog and Magog! she says she does not care for my uncle Barnacle! By Jove! there's a rod in pickle for you, miss!

Pri. I tell you what, Master Watty, if you say much more, egad, I'll throw something at you!

Pen. Nay, nay; kiss and be friends.

Pri. I won't kiss him; I would spit in his face first.

Pen. Pr'ythee! pr'ythee!

Pri. I will not, Miss Penny: he never lets me alone; but I'll tell his uncle Barnacle of him; and if he's not well thumped for his impudence, I won't stay in the house, that's what I won't!

Young C. Look there again, now! Well, 'tis all over

then ; I won't say nothing no more. She how she frowns ! Lord ! there's no such thing as jesting with you ! I was not in earnest—I was not, upon my honour and credit. [*Exeunt Young Cockney and Penelope, L.*]

Pri. [*Calling off, R.*] Quasheba ! Quasheba ! bring down my work.

Enter QUASHEBA, with a work-bag, R.

Why don't you make haste ?

Qua. Is, missy—here, missy. [*Lets the bag fall.*]

Pri. See how she lets it fall !—Take it up again.—Here, threadle my needle. Where are you going now ? [*Sitting down to work.*] Stand behind my back.

SONG.—PRISCILLA TOMBOY.

Ye maidens all come listen to my ditty,
And ponder well the words which I shall say :
A damsel once there dwelt in London city,
Whose tender heart a young man stole away.

Her guardian cross would fain have had her marry
A grocer's 'prentice, living in Cheapside ;
But he with her his point could never carry,
For sooner than consent, she would have died.

Ye maidens, by this damsel take example,
And never fickle nor false-hearted prove ;
Nor let old folks on your affections trample,—
For what's the world compar'd to one's true love ?

Re-enter PENELOPE, L.

Pen. I observe you are always singing that song : pr'ythee, where could you pick up such stuff ? It seems to be a great favourite of yours.

Pri. [*Rising.*] Why, so it is ; for, what do you think ? I made it myself—I did, upon my——

Pen. Oh, fie, miss ! don't swear.

Pri. Lord, you are mighty percize ! Quasheba, get out ; I want to talk with Miss Penny alone. No, stay—come back ; I will speak before her ;—but if ever I hear, hussy, that you mention a word of what I am going to say to any one else in the house, I will have you horse-whipped, till there is not a bit of flesh left on your bones.

Pen. Oh, poor creature !

Pri. Psha ! what is she but a neger ? If she was at home in our plantations, she would find the difference.

Pen. I suppose, then, you imagine they have no feeling.

Pri. Oh, we never consider that there. But, I say, Miss Penny, I have a secret to tell you : I hate your brother worse than poison. I know very well your uncle Barnacle has a mind to marry me to him ; but if he is left my guardian, and I am sent over to London for my education, I don't see any right he has to chuse me a husband, though.

Pen. And, pray, what is your dislike to my brother ?

Pri. (R. c.) Why, I don't know ; I don't like him at all ; there's nothing gay or agreeable in him. Besides, you know, he will be but a grocer ; and why should I marry a tradesman, when I can have a gentleman ?

Pen. (L. c.) Can you ?

Pri. Yes, faith, can I ; and one of the sweetest, prettiest gentlemen you ever set your two good-looking eyes on ;—quite another thing from your brother, with a fine bag and sword : I dare swear the lace of his coat alone would burn to a matter of two guineas.

Pen. And, pray, what is this gentleman ?

Pri. You saw him once—yes, you did. Don't you remember the young captain that came into Miss La Blond's shop the other day, when you were buying your pompadour and green ribbons ? and I asked you if you did not think him a handsome man, and you said you did ?—Don't you remember ?

Pen. I believe I remember something of it.

Pri. Well, I got acquainted with him there ; and now the whole affair is settled between us, and we are to be married immediately.

Pen. This is a secret, indeed.

Pri. Ay, and I can tell you a secret about yourself, too. You are to be married to some very great lord your cousin Molly has got acquainted with at the other end of the town.

Pen. You don't say so ?

Pri. Ecod, you are ! But shall I tell you, now, who I hate as bad as your brother ? I hate your cousin, Molly Cockney, with her conceit and her hoarse voice. She's always at me : “ Miss, hold up your head ! ”—“ Miss, that is not polite ! ”—“ Miss, don't lollop ! ” Ecod ! last Sunday, if we had not been in church, I would have hit her a slap in the face.

Pen. Well, but, my dear, how are you to marry this gentleman ? You don't design to run away with him ?

Pri. No, I don't. I have written a letter to him, to let him know my guardian will be in town to-day; and I have desired him to come here, and propose for me.

Pen. I'm sure my uncle will not consent.

Pri. Why, then, I will run away with him. I don't think, Miss Penny, but if he was to stand with his arms open to receive me, but what I could leap out of the two pair of stairs window, without being hurt the least bit.—Besides, I would not marry your brother on another account. There is poor Miss La Blond, the milliner over the way—he has been courting her a matter of a twelve-month; and though she's come of French distraction, there's not a more friendlier girl this day in all England.

Pen. Well, once more, I say, take care of my uncle.

Pri. Miss Penny, it does not signify talking to me; I am neither in leading-strings nor hanging-sleeves, and I don't want him to leave me any thing; and why should not I please myself?—And, what's more, I will, too.

SONG.—PRISCILLA TOMBOY.

Perhaps he may take it in dudgeon;
So let him, the peevish curmudgeon!

Egad! if you mind me,
As stout you shall find me
As he is bluff.

The captain has won my heart;
And who shall my humour thwart?
I like him and love him;
And since I approve him,
I'll have him, and that's enough.

I'm sick when I think of your brother;
And was there on earth ne'er another,
He should not my mind subdue;
But then he'll soon divorce me,
For, faith, he shall sing cuckoo!
Perhaps he may, &c.

[*Exeunt, R.*

Enter YOUNG COCKNEY and BARNACLE, L., meeting
OLD COCKNEY, C. F.

Young C. O la! papa, here's my uncle Barnacle!

Old C. Odso! is he indeed? Brother, you are welcome to town. Son Walter, run in, and desire your uncle's chamber to be got ready directly.

Bar. Stay ! hold, young man. Who do you belong to ?

Young C. La ! why, don't you know me, uncle ? I am your nephew.

Old C. Ay, don't you know Watty, my son Walter ?

Bar. Why, this is not your son Walter ?

Young C. Yes, but I am, upon my honour and credit, uncle.

Bar. Upon your honour, sirrah ! And who told you you had any honour ? What has a shopkeeper to do with honour ? I had no honour when I was a shopkeeper. I knew you were always a conceited, idle young rascal ; but who taught you to swear, and to put all that flour and suet on your head ? [Rubbing his hair.]

Young C. Oh, lord ! uncle, don't spoil my hair ?

Old C. Don't, brother, don't ; he's going among young ladies.

Bar. He's going to the devil !—But you had better not provoke me, brother Nic Cockney—you had better not provoke me ! I desire he may go and take off that coat and waistcoat directly.

Old C. Well, well, he shall ; don't be in a passion.—Step in, child, and take off your things—do, there's a good boy.

Young C. La ! papa, upon my honour—

Bar. Again, sirrah ! Bring his every-day clothes and his fustian sleeves here in the shop ; I will have him strip before my face.

Old C. Go, child, do as your uncle bids you.

[Exit Young Cockney, R.]

Bar. Upon his honour, indeed !—Why, Nic, I hear you are going to set up your coach, and marry your daughter to I don't know who. Tradespeople are out of their senses now-a-days : no sooner are they a little above the world, but they must have town-house and country-house, every night running junketting to gardens and play-houses ; and, in a year or two, there is eighteen-pence in the pound for their creditors.

Re-enter YOUNG COCKNEY, R., with an apron on.

Young C. Well, now, uncle.

Bar. Ay, now you are something like ; but why a ruffled shirt ?—I never wore a ruffled shirt but on a Sunday. And, come here—what's that I see at your knees ?—A pair of paste buckles !—Why, sirrah, you must rob the

till, or go upon the highway for all this. Give me them out directly—I will have them!

Young C. [*Delivering them.*] But you'll let me have them again, I hope?

Bar. No, I won't. [*To Old Cockney.*] And now let his frippery be sold at Rag Fair: I should like to see it swinging under an old clothesman's pent-house.

[*Exit Old Cockney, c. d. f.*]

Young C. Pray, uncle, give me my buckles.

Bar. I will not, sirrah! And look at yonder door: how can you expect to have customers come into the shop, while you keep your door in such a condition? When I was 'prentice, the first thing I did every morning was to scrape the door. [*Calling.*] Here, Richard! have you never a shovel in the house? Give him a shovel.

Enter RICHARD, L., with a shovel.

There, sirrah, take this shovel—go to work, and when I come out again, let me see the steps clean enough to dine upon.

[*Exit, c. d. f.*]

Young C. I won't scrape the door—I wish I may be burned if I do! Here, Richard, give that shovel to the porter, and let him do it. [*Exit Richard, L.*] To be set out in this trim before every body! But I will get my coat and waistcoat again, that I will, and put them on, in spite of him. My father expects he will leave us something in his will, and so he bears with him; but he shall not make a fool of me; no, no—I am too wise for that!

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Old Cockney's House.*

Enter PENELOPE, c. d. f., followed by MISS LA BLOND, who carries a band-box, as if taking her leave.

Pen. Now, my dear, you will not fail to let me have those things in a couple of hours, for we expect our company early in the evening; and pray let me see you sometimes. But, my dear, let me ask you, is there not some coldness between you and my brother of late?

La B. Oh, la! Miss Penny! as if you did not know! Master Watty has not put his foot into our shop these six weeks.

Pen. Upon my word, this is the first I have heard of it.

La B. However, Miss Penny, it is not that which vexes me, but his rudeness when he meets one in a public place. The other night, at Mile End Assembly, he took no more notice of me than if I had been a dog. I don't know that he had any reason to be ashamed of my company. I was there with Miss Flyblow, the great butcher's daughter in Newgate Market: I'm sure she will have a matter of six thousand pounds to her fortune; and we came in Mr. Deputy Dumplin's own chariot, that waited for us all the while.

Enter YOUNG COCKNEY, L.

Young C. Sister, they want the key of the beaufet, to get the spoons and the silver candlesticks.

Pen. Oh, brother, come here. How is it you have affronted Miss La Blond? She tells me you have behaved very ill to her.

Young C. Who?—I behaved ill to her? Lord, Miss La Blond! I wonder how you can fib on a body so! I'll be judged by any body in the world: I'm sure I have not spoke a civil word to her I don't know the day when.

Pen. Well, and more shame for you.

La B. Oh! pray don't scold him, Miss Penny: Master Watty may speak or let it alone, just as he pleases. But, perhaps, sir, you think I don't know the reason of all this. There's a West-Indian fortune in the house. I am below your notice now; but, believe me, you are every bit as much below mine. *[Exit, R.]*

Young C. Do you know, sister Penny, that she has given it out all over the town, that I am sworn to her on a book; and if I am, it won't hold good in law, for it was only Robinson Crusoe.

Enter OLD COCKNEY and a Maid Servant, c. d. f., followed by PRISCILLA TOMBOY, in a hoydenish manner.

Old C. Come, Margery, let us see how you have settled the things for the company: have you dusted well, and swept?—No cobwebs, nor slut's corners?—Have you put candles in all the sconces? Come, Penny, child, go into the next room, and help the maid to set out the silver coffee-pot and best set of burnt china on the tea-table.

[Exeunt Penelope and the Maid, L.]

Young C. When we begin to dance, papa, who shall I take out for a partner?

Old C. Let me consider.

Pri. Miss La Blond, to be sure.

Old C. Miss Muzzy, Deputy Muzzy's daughter, child; she is a very great fortune. But I must go and order card-tables in the next room. [*Exit, L.*]

Pri. Oh, lord! Watty, see here, if I have not tore my gown!

Young C. I am glad of it.

Pri. And why are you glad of it?

Young C. Because I am. Who sent for you up atairs?

Pri. Why, your uncle Barnacle desired me to come up.

Young C. My uncle Barnacle! I do not believe it.

Pri. I am sure but he did, though: he called a bit agoon at the shop, and said he'd be here presently.

Young C. Well, if you dine with us, you shall not stay in the evening to dance.

Pri. I will, if I like it.

Young C. You sha'n't, miss.

Pri. Master Watty, why don't you go to see poor Miss La Blond? The folks say she is going mad for love of you: I am sure you ought to marry her.

Young C. I am sure I won't, though; I would let her go to Bedlam first.

Pri. Ecod! I believe she is only making game.

[*Runs off, C. D. F.*]

Young C. I'm determin'd she shall not dance to-night, for her assurance. I will go this moment, and tell my papa of her, that I will! [*Exit, L.*]

Enter BARNACLE and CAPTAIN SIGHTLY, R.

Bar. Business with me, sir! Well, sir, come this way, and let me hear it. I don't know that ever I saw your face before.

Sig. I don't believe you ever did, sir; but if you will have patience——

Bar. And, suppose I don't chuse to have patience, are you to give me laws in my own house? No dragooning here, good captain: you are in the city of London, sir; we are not to be put under military execution here.

Sig. Sir, I don't understand you.

Bar. None of your rudeness to me, sir! I have been understood by your betters; but I suppose you are disbanded, and want to raise money upon your half-pay.—Well, I won't deal with you; I have lost money enough already by the army: I have a note of hand by me from

one of your captains, for four pounds ten shillings and sixpence.

Sig. But, sir, my business is of a very different nature. There is a young lady, who I understand is under your care; and if you will please to read that letter——

Bar. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!—A letter from the young lady herself to you, I suppose, sir, desiring you to come and ask my consent to marry her. So, then, you are a fortune-hunter? What servant-maid in the neighbourhood, now, have you been getting intelligence from about this girl and her money?—And, if you succeed, how much commission—how much brokerage?

Sig. Sir, I am a gentleman.

Bar. Well, sir, and what then, sir? Have you got any money in the funds, captain? My father was a pin-maker, and I have forty thousand pounds there.

Sig. Sir, I must tell you——

Bar. And, sir, I must tell you!—What! I suppose, because fighting is your trade, you come *vi et armis* to cut my throat! If that's the case, I must seek for assistance. [*Calling off.*] Here, John! Thomas! Richard!

Sig. Upon my word, Mr. Barnacle——

Bar. Well, and upon my word, too!—Sir, I believe my word will go as far as yours, if you go to that. What! do you come to affront me in my own house? Do you know, sir, that you have treated me with great ill manners? D—me, if ever I was so abused in my life! The first people in the kingdom have come cap in hand to me; and shall a puppy——

Sig. Puppy, sir!

[*Exit, L.*]

Re-enter YOUNG COCKNEY, R.

Bar. This is an incendiary: we shall have an ill-spelt letter to-morrow or next day thrown into the area, threatening to burn the house. Here, Walter, call that fellow back.

Young C. [*Calling off, L.*] Call that fellow back!

Bar. Call him back yourself.

Young C. [*Calling.*] Captain—captain! come back—come back!

Re-enter CAPTAIN SIGHTLY, L.

Sig. Well, what do you want?

Young C. My uncle wants to speak to you.

Bar. Bid Priscilla Tomboy come hither.

Young C. [*Speaking off, R. S. E.*] Bid Priscilla Tomboy come hither.

Enter PRISCILLA TOMBOY and PENELOPE, R. S. E.

Bar. I'll put an end to this affair directly. Captain, if you please, I want to speak with you again one moment. Come here, Miss Prissy: did you ever see this young gentleman before?

Pri. Yes, to be sure I did.

Bar. Well, but you never wrote to him, did you?

Pri. (R.) Yes, but I did, though.

Bar. (c.) And where did you get acquainted with him, mistress?

Pri. Why, if you must know, I got acquainted with him at a friend's house.

Bar. A friend's house!—A friend of yours, indeed!

Pri. Yes, a friend of mine; and he is my choice; and if you do not give your consent, why, I will marry him without it.

Bar. [*To Young Cockney.*] Fetch me the key of the back-garret.

Pri. [*Crying.*] I know what you are going to do: you are going to lock me up, but I don't care.

Sig. Pray, sir, do not use the young lady ill on my account.

FINALE TO ACT I.—BARNACLE, CAPTAIN SIGHTLY, PRISCILLA TOMBOY, YOUNG COCKNEY, and PENELOPE.

Bar. Sirrah, leave the house this minute,

Or I'll send to my Lord Mayor.

Sig. Sir, I want not to stay in it.

Wherefore do you rave and stare?

Pri. You may lock me up in prison,

But I mind not that a straw;

Young C. Her'n the fault is more than his'n,

Pen. Uncle—brother—pray withdraw.

Bar. To bring up a romp's the devil!

Sig. } Did you ever see the like?

Pri. }

Bar. Captain, pray, sir, be so civil—

Young C. Hold, sir, hold! you must not strike.

Bar. Life and death! I'm out of patience,
And I will at nothing stick;

So, niece, nephew, ward, relations,
 'Gad ! I'll play you all a trick.

Young C. } Stick at nothing !—Pray, sir, tarry.
Pen. } What is it you mean to do ?
Bar. 'Sblood ! you dog ! you slut ! I'll marry.
Pen. Marry !
Young C. Marry !
Pri. You, sir !
Sig. You !
Bar. Yes, I'll take a wife, and fling you,—
 Take a wife, and get an heir.

Omnes. } Heaven to your senses bring you !
 Ah ! dear uncle ! have a care !

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A little Yard and Garden behind Old Cockney's House.*

Enter PRISCILLA TOMBOY, D. F., followed by MISS LA BLOND.

Pri. (c.) Here, this way ; come into the yard, here.—I am afraid to speak or move in the house, I am so watched. [*Taking a letter from her pocket.*] Here is a letter for the captain ; you will make apologies about my writing, because the lines are a little crooked ;—excuse my spelling, too ; and if he cannot make out all the words, do you help him.

La B. (R. c.) Never fear ; I shall take it to his lodgings myself. But, it seems, your guardian did not behave well to him this morning ; Master Watty, too, was unmannerly, and he swears vengeance against him.

Pri. With all my heart ; let him beat him while he is able to stand over him. But there is a rare bustle within. The old man swears that Watty shall not have me now, and he is going to send me back to the West Indies directly—he is, faith ! He is gone to Deptford to speak to a captain of a ship ; but I will not go back to the West Indies for him. And what do you think I have done ?—I have persuaded Watty that my love for the captain, and my writing to him, was all only a sham.

La B. A sham!—How could you do that?

Pri. Oh, very easily: by flattering him up—by telling him he is a pretty young man, and has handsome legs, you may make him believe anything.

La B. Well, Miss Prissy, I am sure I wish to see you happy, with all my heart; but I am not unacquainted with the family of the Cockneys, and, believe me, if they did not know you to be a young lady of a very large fortune, they would not make such a fuss about you as they do.

Pri. Oh, I know that well enough: they are as frightened as the vengeance now about my going to Jamaica, because they think they shall lose my money. So I have told Watty, that if he can manage it, I will go off with him to Scotland to-night, where they say folks may be married in spite of any one.

La B. Go off with him to Scotland!

Pri. [*Aside.*] There, now she is jealous! [*Aloud.*] Hush! speak softly!—It is agreed between us, that we are to go out together as soon as it is dark. Don't you think that the captain could hit upon some contrivance to meet us in the street, and take me from Watty? He shall not have much trouble, for, ecod! I will be willing enough to go; and, if he does but bluster and swear a little, poor Watty will be afraid to say a word.

La B. Take you from him?

Pri. Why, 'tis the only way to get me. If it is not done to-night, its odds but the old man will send me off to-morrow.

La B. Let me consider a little.

Pri. What are you thinking of, Miss La Blond?

La B. Why, look you, Miss Prissy, this is a very serious affair, and should be well weighed before any thing is done in it. But I will go with your letter to the captain.

Pri. Ay, do, my dear; and when I am married to the captain, you may have Watty yourself, if you like it; and I dare say, one day or other, he will be an alderman.—But stay, let me go this way, and do you go that; for if they see us together, they may suspect. Miss La Blond, desire the captain to bring his servant along with him; and tell him, if he is a good fellow, he shall, when I am married to his master, have as much rum as ever he can drink for nothing.

[*Exit Miss La Blond, L.*]

Enter YOUNG COCKNEY, R.

Young C. Miss Prissy! Miss Prissy! I want to speak to you.

Pri. Well, what do you want?

Young C. Why, Miss Prissy, I have been thinking of what you were saying to me, and, if I was sure you would not return to any of your old tricks——

Pri. Why, to be sure, Master Watty, I have been a very sad girl, and I do not deserve that you should have any kindness for me.

Young C. Perhaps, Miss Prissy, you think I cannot get a wife. There is a widow gentlewoman, worth a matter of forty thousand pounds: her husband was a great sugar-baker in Ratcliffe Highway, and if I would marry her, she would settle every farthing she is worth upon me.

Pri. Indeed, I do not doubt it.

Young C. But you are for an officer, it seems, and I don't see that they are a bit cleverer than other people. I believe I have been reckoned as genteel as any of them; besides, what is a little outside show? If you had a mind to go to Scotland with this here captain, now it's odds if he could find money to pay for a post-chay.

Pri. I don't care for the captain; I wish you would not mention him at all; I am ashamed whenever I think of him.

Young C. So you ought, miss.

Pri. I know I ought, but I was bewitched; I am sure, I have been crying about it like any thing: only see, Watty, how red my eyes are.

Young C. Ah, fudge!—That is no crying; you have been putting an innion to them. But, I say, if you get yourself ready, I will go along with you as soon as it is dusk. Don't you think these clothes become me, Miss Prissy? I have a mind to take them along with us.

Pri. You look very jemmy in them, I am sure.

Young C. Why, I think they show the fall of my shoulders. I have a very fine fall in my shoulders; have not I, Miss Prissy?

Pri. Yes, indeed, have you.

Young C. Well, but there's one thing as, perhaps, you did not know: if you marry without my uncle's consent, you are not to have no fortune, so that I am taking you hap at a hazard; and if he should not forgive us after-

wards, I shall have you to maintain, which will be very hard upon me.

Pri. Oh, but he will forgive us. Besides, if you go with me to Jamaica, we'll live very comfortably among the negers.

Young C. Well, we cannot go yet; but you may prepare yourself, while I step in. Miss Prissy, don't you think our going off will be in the newspapers?—"We hear that a great Vest-Indian fortune has lately eloped with the son of an imminent grocer in the city!" And when we come back, lord! I warrant there will be noise enough about us! [Exit, C. D. F.]

Pri. [Going to the window, C. F., and calling.] Quasheba! Quasheba! Quasheba!

Qua. [Appearing at the window.] What, missy?

Pri. Throw out my hat and my shawl. [Quasheba disappears.] I will be ready in a minute—he shall not wait for me, I warrant him. [Quasheba comes again to the window, throws out the apparel, and retires—Priscilla put them on hastily.] How purely I have managed it!—If the captain does but meet us, now! Watty thinks, as sure as any thing, I will go off with him. He is the greatest fool that I ever knew. But suppose the captain does not meet us?—Must I go off with Watty?—Ecod! I will not!—I will bawl out in the street, and say he is running away with me. Let me see, now: have I got all my things?—Have I forgot nothing?

AIR.—PRISCILLA TOMBOY.

Dear me! how I long to be married,
And in my own coach to be carried!

Beside me to see,—

How charming 'twill be!—

My husband; and, maybe,

A sweet little baby,

As pretty as he!

Already I hear

Its tongue in my ear,—

Papa! papa!

Mamma! mamma!

[Laughing.] Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Oh, gracious! what calling,—

What stamping—what bawling,

When first I am miss'd by the clan!

Miss Molly will chatter,
 Old Square-Toes will clatter,
 But catch me again if they can !

Dear me ! how I long, &c.

[*Exit, C. D. F.*]

SCENE II.—*Ludgate Hill, with a view of St. Paul's Church.*

Enter CAPTAIN SIGHTLY and MISS LA BLOND, R.

La B. Captain Sightly ! — Mercy on us ! how you frightened me !

Sig. Well, you see I am a true soldier, at my post, and ready to engage. Her letter mentions the Belle Sauvage Inn ; if so, we cannot be better stationed than here.

La B. But, I say, captain, when you have got Miss Tomboy, where do you think to take her ?

Sig. To Scotland directly, my girl.

La B. No, no, that will never do : she shall go and lie at my aunt's to-night, and in the morning I am certain we shall hit upon a plan to get Mr. Barnacle's consent to your marriage.

Sig. Well, my dear, I will leave every thing to you ; I am sure I cannot be in more trusty hands.

La B. Hush—hush ! I hear them coming : hide yourself for a few minutes.
 [*They retire, R. U. E.*]

Enter YOUNG COCKNEY and PRISCILLA TOMBOY, R.

Pri. La, Master Watty, you hurry so fast—I vow I must stop and rest myself, so I must ; I am as tired as anything.

Young C. Why would you not let me call a hackney-coach, then ? But, I tell you, it will be dark presently, and we shall meet some highwaymen on the road near London.

Pri. Well, stay a moment, then, till I tie my swash.

Young C. Well, then, tie your swash.

Pri. It was you that was so long before you came out. Oh, la ! there are two great big men standing at yonder corner ! I won't go any farther, Master Watty.

Young C. What's the matter with you, Miss Prissy ?—La ! you frighten me out of my wits.

Pri. Master Watty, just step to that corner, and see if they are gone ; never fear—I won't leave you.

[*She gives Watty the end of her shawl to hold—Captain Sightly and Miss La Blond come forward, R.*

Young C. [*Looking off, L.*] If ever I knew the like of you! There's no danger—come along.

[*Captain Sightly runs off with Priscilla, R.—Young Cockney discovers the trick, and runs after them.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Miss La Blond's Aunt's House.*

Enter CAPTAIN SIGHTLY, PRISCILLA TOMBOY, and MISS LA BLOND, C. D. F.—the Captain fastens the door.

Young Cockney. [*Outside the door.*] Miss Prissy, I know very well you are here—I saw you with your captain. I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself, Miss La Blond, to encourage a young lady to run away from her friends.

Sig. What the devil shall we do now?

Pri. [*To the Captain.*] Say I am not here.

Sig. [*Going to the door.*] I tell you, sir, she is not here.

Pri. I tell you, sir, she is not—

Young C. [*Outside.*] Ah, ah! I see you, miss, through the key-hole!

Sig. What shall we do?

Pri. Let him in—who's afraid? [*Going to the door, and opening it.*] Come in, Master Watty.

Enter YOUNG COCKNEY.

Who cares for you?

Young C. And who cares for you? Will you come home, Miss Prissy?

Pri. No, I won't. I wish, Master Watty, you would make yourself scarce.

Young C. Well, miss, you may be made to repent of this.

QUARTETTO.—PRISCILLA TOMBOY, YOUNG COCKNEY, CAPTAIN SIGHTLY, and MISS LA BLOND.

Pri. (R.) Get you gone, you nasty thing, you!

Do you think I care for you?

Young C. (L.) I'll go, and shortly bring you

Those shall make you dearly rue.

And to you, sir, I'll bring two, sir.

Sig. (L. c.) and } Who, sir—who, sir—who ?
Pri. }
Young C. Never mind—no matter who.
Sig. If that here you longer tarry,
 You may chance away to carry
 That you will not like to bear.
Pri. You'll well be beaten.
Young C. What! you threaten!
Pri. Captain, draw your sword and swear.
Sig. [Drawing.] 'Sblood and thunder!
La B. (R. c.) Keep asunder!
Young C. Let him touch me if he dare!
Pri. [Advancing Master Watt, I'll tell you what,
 to Young C.] Home you had much better trot.
Young C. Will you go with me, or not?
Pri. Trot, Watt—I will not.
 Get you gone, you nasty thing, &c.

[Priscilla puts herself in a boxing attitude, and beats Young Cockney off, C. D. F.—the scene closes.]

SCENE IV.—*The Inside of Old Cockney's House.*

Enter BARNACLE, YOUNG COCKNEY, and PENELOPE, R.

Bar. I say, I will not see her; let her go from whence she came. I shall write word to her friends in Jamaica, by the next packet, that I was not strong enough to hold her; and that when I was on the eve of sending her back to them, she ran away from me with a young fellow that nobody knows.

Young C. Do so, uncle; and I wonder she has the impudence to come back, after staying out all night.

Bar. And I wonder, sirrah, you dare have the impudence to take her out, when I ordered her to keep her room; it is all your doings.

Pen. Pray, dear sir, let me prevail upon you to see her, and hear what she can say for herself.

Bar. Where is she?

Pen. Above, in my chamber; she is afraid to come down without your permission, and seems really sorry for what she has done.

Bar. Well, bid her come hither. [*Exit Penelope, R.*] Here, sirrah, [*Giving his cane to Young Cockney.*] take this stick; I will not trust myself near her with it, lest I should do her a mischief.

Re-enter PENELOPE, R., conducting PRISCILLA TOMBOY.

Bar. Oh, madam run-away!

Pri. Don't be angry, pray don't, and I'll tell you——

Bar. Hussy! what made you go out last night?

Pri. Why, it was Master Watty made me: we were going to Scotland to be married.

Bar. To Scotland! Oh! you dog, Walter!

Young C. Well, it was she herself proposed it.

Pri. Suppose I did: you know when I was in the house, I never could be at rest for you; he was always making love to me.

Young C. I make love to her! I never spoke a civil word to her in all my life.

Bar. Hold your tongue, sirrah! [*To Priscilla.*] Where have you been all night?—Let me hear that.

Pri. Why, the gentleman that loves me—the officer that was here yesterday, met me and Master Watty in the street, and so he took me away from him; and——But why did little Watty take me out?

Bar. Ay, it's very true; it's all your fault, sirrah.—But where did he take you?

Pri. To his lodgings; for he said he loved me so, he could not live without me; and if I did not consent to be his wife, he said he would kill himself on the spot.

Bar. Kill himself, you wicked girl!

Pri. I knew you would be in a passion about it.

Bar. Hark you, hussy; I have but one question more to ask you: are you ruined or not?

Pri. Oh, dear! [*Laughing.*] He! he! he!

Bar. You impudent——

Pri. Little Watty makes me laugh.

Bar. And so you and the gentleman passed for man and wife?

Pri. Why, I assure you, at first I was very much against it, for I said I did not think it was becoming; and he said, he would rather lie in the street than incommode me; and I, seeing him so polite, said he should not run the risk of catching cold for the love of me.

Bar. And so you——

Enter a SERVANT, L.

Ser. Captain Sightly, sir, desires to speak to you.

Bar. Desire him to walk up. [*Exit Servant, L.*]

Pri. Sir, if you please to call to Watty.

Young C. Sir, please to speak to Prissy.

Bar. Have done, you couple of devils !

Enter CAPTAIN SIGHTLY and MISS LA BLOND, L.

Bar. Sir, I am informed that your name is Charles Sightly, Lieutenant in I know not what regiment of foot ; that you have seduced this girl——

Pri. [*Apart to Captain Sightly.*] Why don't you say we are married ?

Bar. Answer me upon your honour, is it so or not ?— For, in that case, I must e'en give her to you.

Sig. You ask me upon my honour.

Bar. Ay, I do, sir.

Sig. Then, sir, I will not give it in a falsehood for my interest. The young lady is perfectly innocent, and this is only a scheme to incline you to consent to our marriage.

Pri. Oh, you fool !

Bar. Hold your tongue, impudence ! You are a brave young fellow, I believe, and more deserving of her than my own relation ; therefore I give her to you ;—and let this teach you for the future to use candour on all occasions.

Pri. [*Running and kissing him.*] Oh, my dear guardian !

Bar. Ah, you romp ! you are the destruction of my wig ! But now let us forget all past bickerings and misunderstandings, and be as merry as good cheer can make us.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

YOUNG C.	PEN.	SIG.	PRI.	BAR.	MISS LA B.
R.]					[L.

THE END.

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